



3 1632 00185 1156

# THE

# PIPER





THE

PIPER

No. 5

June, 1939

Published annually by the students of  
Cohasset High School





IN MEMORY OF  
LOUIS B. MULVEY

WE DEDICATE THIS ISSUE OF "THE PIPER"

Mr. Mulvey was the friend of all who associated with him. He was always willing to help someone else unselfishly. He was a man of good character and sound thinking. He was one of the first to serve his country and his community in war and in peace.

A pleasant smile and a cheerful, "Good morning!" always came from Mr. Mulvey. He was a friend to all of us. He carried on conversations with everybody, asking how the family was, how we were getting on in school, what we wanted to do when we graduated. He knew what he was talking about, and he gave his personal views of things. This was a trait which gained him many friends.

Happy, smiling, intelligent! His company was a continual pleasure to us all. He was good-natured, with a wealth of understanding of children. He was a young man--one of us, you might say. We felt close to him.

He kept our school-building clean and comfortable. Any needed repair work was done immediately. He was always here ready for work. He was always in demand. He did much, unostentatiously, to improve the Cohasset High School.

Mr. Mulvey meant much to the school. He meant much in this world. We did not realize how important he was to us until he left us. He was a part of our school life which cannot be replaced because it was intangible and which we did not realize we possessed until we lost it.

We shall often think of him and be glad we were able to have him through our last years in school; and we are sorry that students-to-come will not have our good friend as their friend, too.

By Members of the Senior Class

## MESSAGE FROM THE SUPERINTENDENT

A questionnaire was submitted to many thousands of middle-western high school students. Among the questions asked was this one: "Do you think that there is any correlation between success in school and success in later life?" A majority of the students answered "No."

This was an astounding surprise to most schoolmen, to whom the opposite is, and has been for years, very obvious. Statistics in general, and my own observation in particular has proven to my satisfaction that there is a very definite correlation between success in school and success in later life. Common sense should tell us that the acquired habits, good or bad, strengthened every day through use, cannot be lost overnight. An individual can be only the sum total of the habits and reactions that he has acquired as he grows. These habits are very difficult things to change, once fixed. The grooves of reaction deepen day by day, and the factors that produce failure in school are still as much a part of us as ever when we have left school.

The best way of insuring success in life is to deliberately acquire habits and attitudes in our growing years that will stand us in good stead in whatever situation we may find ourselves. The boy who is making a failure of his school career and who has not the energy or strength of will necessary to change his ways of doing, likes to rationalize his position. He comforts himself with the thought that on some vague tomorrow he will suddenly become a new person, with new habits, new energy and an unaccountable freedom from the chains with which he has shackled himself. The students who answered "No" to the above-mentioned question were finding a false comfort in a false assumption.



PIPER STAFF

Editors

Dorothy Graham

Elizabeth Roche

Assistant Editors

Lorraine Gonsalves

George Mulhern

Feature Editors

Sports: Gordon Flint  
Around School:

Senior Portraits: William Small  
Alta Pratt and Marjorie Oliver

Art

Richard Riley: Chairman

Austin Ahearn  
Mary Curtis  
Jane Donovan

Charlotte Hollis  
Alfred Litchfield  
Constance MacMillan

Donald Meyer  
George Mulhern  
Harriet Ripley

Warren Williams

Head Typists

Charlotte Hollis  
Barbara Keating

Mary Kelly

Jessie Maree  
Doris Williams

Advertising

Elizabeth Lewis

Circulation

Rose Laugelle  
Eugene Prendergast

Frank Mulvey  
Eleanor Williams

## CONTENTS

Message from Superintendent.....	3
Editorials.....	6,7
Sea Tales	
Cohasset's Last Fishing Captain.....	8,9
Moods of the Sea.....	9
Orcinus Orca.....	10,11
Lobster Fishing.....	12
At Sea on a Joke.....	13,14
Visiting Minot's Light.....	14
A Big One.....	15,16
Fact and Fancy	
Longhorn Gold.....	17
Man's Downfall.....	18
Our Attitude Toward the German People.....	19
The Intruder.....	19
Iced Figures.....	20,21
River of Youth, Summer's Flowers, Night.....	22
Seeing Red, The Surf.....	23
Mystery Manor--Crime Headquarters.....	24
Snatches from a Dog's Diary, Snow.....	25
A Little Comfort.....	26
Jimmy's Easter Duds.....	27
French in America.....	28
Our French Correspondents.....	29
Side Light.....	30
Spring Constellations.....	31
Puritan Days.....	32,33
Barataria.....	34,35
Do You Know?.....	35
Junior Section	
Sportsmanship.....	36
Hobbies, Back Seat Drivers.....	37
Mumps, The Teacher's Desk.....	38
Protection of Health in Cohasset.....	39,40
Education.....	40,41
Senior Portraits.....	42,43
Around School.....	44,45,46
Sports.....	47-56
Advertisements.....	57-60



### NEW COURSES FOR COHASSET

In the last few years the Osgood High School has widened its curriculum by adding certain social studies.

More recently students interested in music were given a course in music appreciation, and the next year a course called music survey was introduced. This called for outside research. Next year there will be courses consisting of research into the Netherland and Florentine schools. During 1939, in addition to the regular music courses, three W. P. A. concerts have been given before the whole school. Each consisted of a very fine program.

This year, also, pupils of the three upper classes have devoted one period each week to journalism, motion picture appreciation, radio broadcasting, or dramatics. The interest in the journalism class was made even greater by a visit to the Boston Post building, where the pupils saw a modern newspaper being made. They also visited the Boston Public Library where they saw old American newspapers; and the Museum of Fine Arts where they heard a lecture about old books, and then saw some of the interesting old manuscripts and books spoken of in the lecture. Pupils of the dramatic classes were, on several occasions, given opportunity to attend plays put on by students of the New England Conservatory of Music.

All pupils of the high school have heard several lectures on varied subjects, including Mexico, Africa, Brazil, "the wild and woolly West," nursing, radio, and agriculture. These courses, concerts, and lectures have broadened the horizon of the students. Some people have become so much interested in these new lines of work, that in their leisure time, they have spent many hours reading about lives of composers and making scrapbooks. Some of the pupils, at least, appreciate many more things when they see a motion picture or hear a composition of one of the masters.

Different view points and better standards of evaluation have been gained. As time goes on let us hope that the scope of our interests may become wider and wider.

Dorothy Graham, '39



## SMALL SCHOOLS

Young folks who say that they prefer large schools perhaps don't appreciate the advantages which small schools offer. In the small school there is opportunity to become well acquainted with all the students. Furthermore, in a small school, students know the faculty well. Teachers know the individual traits of their pupils, and so are in a better position to aid them. Then, too, pupils come in contact with the principal. He is a friend, not an ogre to whom they go for discipline.

Opportunity for individual attention is greater. It is possible for students to recite two or three times in a period. Thus, perhaps, there is more incentive to study.

In the small school, chances for participation in school activities are greater because there are fewer competing. More boys are able to enter athletics. Almost all of the dramatically-minded have a chance to act. Many students help with the Annual. In our school, for example, about one third of the pupils of the Senior high school participate in the production of "The Piper."

I feel very fortunate in having been able to attend a small school.

Elizabeth Roche, '39

## PLEASURE OR STUDYING?

People study in different ways. Some must have absolute quiet. Others study in Bedlam, at least they call it studying.

Do we sometimes say that we can study much better with the radio on? Of course our homework is very interesting when some radio performer is talking in our ear. The next morning we know all about our lessons, or as much as we need to know. We know enough to get by, anyway.

Perhaps Mother has guests in for bridge. If we leave the door open just a little we can hear what they are saying and still get our studying done perfectly well.

Then again it may be that we are dreadfully tired. In that case, of course, we announce that we did all our studying at school. It doesn't make the least bit of difference if we go to school unprepared for just one day. If a good show is on at the theatre the same story applies.

It is a very easy task to inform ourselves that our pleasure is far more important than our studying.

Elizabeth Noonan, '39



### COHASSET'S LAST FISHING CAPTAIN

Once Cohasset had a fleet of approximately sixty-five fishing schooners. The last of the captains of these vessels lives in Cohasset now. He is Mr. Abraham Antoine.

Mr. Antoine went to sea at the age of nine. Nowadays most nine-year-old boys would have difficulty in swinging oars, let alone working on a fishing schooner in competition with hardened seamen. In fact, Mr. Antoine was so small he had to stand on a box to fish over the ship's rail. The first ship he boarded was the "M. A. Snow," captained by his brother, Manuel Antoine.

The boats started out to the fishing banks before the budding of the trees. Therefore Mr. Antoine, from the age of nine years until the time he retired, never saw the trees blossom in the spring. The boats first went south as far as the Capes of Virginia, then worked up into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They stayed out from two to nine weeks depending entirely on the luck. Then they sailed back to Cohasset and sold their catch of mackerel at the several fishing wharfs that once stood along the harbor.

The fishing boats themselves were fore-and-aft rigged schooners about one hundred and five feet long. They held a crew of eighteen men.

The fishing was done in two different ways. The first was called hand-lining. The men fished with individual lines from the deck of the ship or from the dories. The second kind of fishing was called seining. A large net was slung between a dory and a schooner. The schooner slowly circled a school of fish; then, when the school was caught in the net, the sailors on the schooner pulled in the net. The fish were scooped out with long-poled buckets. Then the fish were split and salted in barrels.

Later the ships started fishing at night because in the dark of the moon the water is phosphorous. Therefore a school of fish can easily be seen, for they show white beneath the water, making it easy for the men to surround them. Now most

fishing vessels fish entirely at night.

On Mr. Antoine's early voyages the food was quite bad. Of course it was necessary to salt the food because no ice could be carried and preservation had to be done by salt. Hence fishermen called their food "salt horse." The coffee was sweetened with molasses and had no milk. Sugar was not an item of the ship's stores. On most voyages no vegetables were carried. The cook made all of the bread and the crew ate it without butter. However, ten years or so after Mr. Antoine's first voyage, conditions improved so that canned foods, vegetables, condensed milk, and sugar could be carried in the stores. Think how beneficial the canning industry has been to the sailor.

Mr. Antoine was very fortunate on the sea. He was never shipwrecked and was run into only once. That was at night and the ship on which Mr. Antoine was sailing was captained by Manuel Enos of Cohasset. Suddenly there came a crash and all hands rushed on deck. Another fishing craft had plowed into them. Captain Enos's crew had to climb aboard the other ship, the "Wide Awake," and cut her rigging loose. The accident occurred because the watch of the "Wide Awake" had, strangely enough, fallen asleep.

At the age of twenty-four, Mr. Antoine became a fishing captain. He took command of a schooner owned by the Tower brothers of Cohasset. The vessel was the "E. A. Lombard." From the age of nine until he was in his thirtieth year, when he retired from the sea, Mr. Antoine sailed on ten different fishing vessels.

Jane Donovan, '41

#### MOODS OF THE SEA

Foaming waves,  
Storm-tossed against the rocks,  
Like angry hands  
Inflicting punishment  
Lash against the shore.

After the storm  
The waves roll gently in.  
Like soothing hands,  
Cool and comforting,  
They ripple on the beach.

Lorraine Gonsalves, '40

## ORCINUS ORCA

"You know that I would like that, Father. Ever since Mother died this house has seemed to be empty. Besides, you know very well that I have always wanted to go with you on some of your whaling trips."

"That's fine, Rowland. Your mother never did want you to follow the sea, but I always believed that you would just the same. This will be a good chance for you to learn the duties of a sailor."

This conversation took place between Rowland Scott and his father, who was known as one of the best sea captains on the Atlantic coast, and, as an immediate result, Rowland became one of the crew of the "Anne and Robert."

On shipboard Rowland's position was that of galley mate and general errand boy. The first day on board Rowland was introduced to Fo'castle Bill, the first mate. Fo'castle Bill had been in Captain Scott's service ever since Robert Scott had become a captain. Nobody knew Bill's exact age but everybody respected his wisdom and ability. The friendship which grew up between Rowland and Bill was a lasting one.

After a long, uneventful trip from Gloucester, the first stop was at Kingston, on the island of Jamaica. For two days Fo'castle Bill directed the natives in the task of filling the barrels with fresh water; and, at any time between eight and ten o'clock, his voice could be heard shouting, "Push on there, you rucks. Slap those tubs into the hold."

The last port of call before reaching the whaling grounds was Rio de Janeiro. Here Fo'castle Bill and Rowland went ashore in search of natives to strip and clean the whales which were to be killed. After half a day's search, twelve natives were rounded up and taken aboard. On the way back to the ship Rowland asked Bill, "Why did you pick those natives especially, out of all the hundreds which we saw?"

"Well, son, 'twas this way," said Bill. "You may have noticed that all the men chosen wore very clean clothes. This goes to show that they will probably do a clean job. You may also have noticed that I picked men strong enough for a heavy job and also men of happy natures, so that they won't always be complaining."

"Gosh! I'd never think of picking men out according to those qualifications," said Rowland.

After reaching the whaling grounds, just south of the Falkland Islands, the crew made final preparations. First the

longboats were brought up from the ship's hold and were carefully inspected for leaks. To each boat were consigned huge coils of rope and harpoons. Then eighteen men were picked from the crew to man the three boats, and three men to shoot the harpoons.

The first day out Bill was a harpooner in the boat of which Rowland was one of the rowers. They had been out a little more than an hour when they sighted a huge whale.

"Glory be!" Bill shouted. "It's Orcinus Orca, the Killer Whale."

"Not the one that has wrecked fourteen longboats and drowned twenty-seven men?" questioned Rowland.

"The very same, boy," Bill answered, directing the men to bring the boat up broadside. Then he aimed the little harpoon gun and fired. Now it happened that just at this moment the whale turned, so that the harpoon merely grazed his back. This frightened him so that he swam swiftly away.

The next day the Killer Whale was again sighted. Rowland, who was harpooner, shouted, "Keep her up broadside and hold her still."

Rowland aimed carefully, then pulled the trigger. It was an almost perfect shot. When struck, the whale immediately started to swim away, by pure luck heading toward the ship instead of away from it. Three-quarters of an hour of hard struggle followed. Then the dreaded Orcinus Orca, Killer Whale, gave up the fight and died. After this, one of the sailors climbed onto the great body, drove in a blubber hook, and Orcinus Orca was drawn up to the ship's side to be stripped and cleaned by the natives.

Later, on returning to Rio, the natives cheered Rowland as "El vitoro d'Orcinus Orca", the conqueror of the Killer Whale. Thus was Rowland Scott's name placed in the annals of the old whalers.

Eugene Prendergast, '40



## LOBSTER FISHING

One of the industries that has been carried on for many years in Cohasset is lobster fishing. Joseph Figueiredo, son of one of Cohasset's oldest living fishermen, told me about his work as he pulled his lobster pots from the sea.

In the spring, summer, and fall, Mr. Figueiredo rises every morning at half past three to go fishing. He has a wide, flat, motorboat equipped for this type of fishing. Attached to the deck is a curved pipe with a pulley. A revolving disc protrudes from the motor. The pulley aids the fisherman in pulling the pots a few feet by hand. He then wraps the slack rope around the disc, pulls the pot to the surface, and lifts it from the water to the deck.

Lobster pots are laid in strings or groups. Mr. Figueiredo's first string is in the vicinity of Minot's Light. Rope is attached to one end of a buoy and one end of the pot. The buoy floats on the water and the pot rests on the bottom of the sea. The buoys are about one and one half feet long and about two inches in width and height. The various fishermen use different colors for their buoys. Mr. Figueiredo's colors are blue and white.

The sun had not risen when we reached the first string and it was impossible for me to see the buoys, but Mr. Figueiredo moved from one to another with no difficulty. He approached each pot slowly, reached into the water, and lifted the buoy to the deck. After the pot was placed on the deck he took out the lobsters one by one and measured the thorax of each. A standard steel measure is used, and it is a law that all lobsters which are kept must meet certain requirements. The claws of the lobsters that are long enough are pegged with wooden pegs in order to prevent them from biting. This pegging requires much skill.

The pots also contain various crabs and starfish. All starfish and some types of crabs are carnivorous. They are destroyed because they eat the bait and the bodies of lobsters that are shedding. Mr. Figueiredo "baits up" his pots once a week with cod heads, but he carries some bait at all times in case some pot needs to be baited.

Mr. Figueiredo has about two hundred pots, all of which he made himself on winter days when he could not go "outside." Usually the weather will not permit fishing from the first of November to the middle of March. He also repairs his pots at this time, and knits the nets which are necessary to keep the lobsters in the pots.

Margaret Roche, '38

## AT SEA ON A JOKE

The wind and white-capped waves were becoming rough that early spring day. A small Diesel cruiser was tossing in the sea off Cape Cod. On board were Ransak, the captain and owner, his crew of ten men, and two young men whom he had picked up from an overturned fishing boat. The younger of these latter two was a boy named Ken. The other was a lanky youth of about eighteen.

The two boys were alone in the Captain's cabin when Ken spoke. "Say, Tom, that captain didn't seem to be very anxious to rescue us when he first sighted us."

"Since it's April first, I suppose he thought we were only joking. But it does seem queer that he would circle us so many times," answered the taller boy while he wandered about the cabin. Windows filled the upper half of the wall which was of smooth wooden paneling. There were curtains to match the chair upholstery. In one corner was a small wooden cabinet built to contain a life preserver.

Tom asked, "What would a revolver be doing in a life preserver case?"

When Ken opened the box he said "Where? I don't see--"

"April fool!" laughed Tom.

"But look here!" Ken suddenly exclaimed, "What's this little set of levers and switches behind the preserver?"

"These? Oh! I hit one! One of the wall panels is opening. There must be a secret hold in there!" Tom exclaimed.

In the opening was a shelf containing guns and ammunition. Below was a space filled with cases marked "Dope."

"Quick! Close it up; I hear someone coming!" exclaimed Ken. The captain entered, and, concealing their knowledge, the boys asked if they might look over the ship.

The captain answered, "No, er--I mean, you should get your things together. We are getting close to port. One of my men will row you ashore. In this sea I don't want to try to make the wharf."

In a short time the boys were being rowed ashore. As soon as they had landed and were out of sight of the cruiser, they hurried to the Coast Guard station. With much excitement they told of their find.

A few moments later a Coast Guard cutter was speeding out toward the cruiser which was rapidly pulling out to the open sea. Presently the cruiser was overtaken and boarded.

"Come now, show me where you saw the dope." the Commander of the cutter said.

The boys opened the secret compartment and showed everything there. Then the Coast Guard Commander began to laugh. "Those boxes contain the kind of dope used in painting airplanes," he said. "That and the guns are for the Navy Base down the coast. Guess it's April Fool for you, boys!"

Alfred Litchfield, '40

#### VISITING MINOT'S LIGHT

When I visited my father at Minot's Light with a party of friends last summer, I was interested to hear my friends demanding almost in one breath: "Do you ever get frightened? --Does the tower sway?--Do the waves ever go over the top?--Do you think this light will fall as the other one did?--Oh, please, won't you tell us the story of a bad Northeaster?"

"Very well," my father replied. "I was breaking in a new assistant who was to have last watch, which is from midnight until four in the morning. A bad storm, which was getting steadily worse, was raging outside. That day we had completed a paint job which had taken us several weeks. The only thing which remained unfinished was a ventilator stopper which could not be replaced because it was still wet. When it was time for my assistant to take over, I instructed him to call me if anything went wrong. I had not been in bed long when a large wave went over the top. At approximately the same time the warning bell rang, and an excited cry for help was heard. As soon as I reached the door, I could hear the sound of water dripping. There before me stood a very pale and excited young man. Could a lens or a window have broken, I wondered. Then with a sigh of relief I remembered the ventilator stopper. After it had been replaced, I sent my overexcited assistant to bed."

"Now for the other questions you have asked. Of course you realize that even the bravest man feels none too safe during his first Northeaster. The tower does sway some, but not much. The waves go over the top frequently. As for the Light's going over, the chances are remote."

"Thank you. The story was interesting, but I think that visiting a lighthouse is as far as my enthusiasm will allow me to go," commented one of the visitors.

Jeannette Fitzpatrick, '42



## A BIG ONE

As the good ship "Sardine" tossed and bucked the waves, three of the hardiest and oldest sailors sprawled on the deck and talked of bygone days when they had sailed the seas in whaling vessels. While they talked one of the younger members of the crew joined them. As he sat down, Salty, the oldest sailor on board, was speaking.

"Why now-a-days there ain't even a decent-sized whale to be caught," he grumbled.

"What do you mean?" asked the newcomer. "That whale we sighted a few days ago was big enough to swallow all four of us at once."

"Goodness, sonny" exclaimed Salty, "you don't call that one big, do you? Now I'd like to tell you a little story about a real big whale."

Sam, another old tar, cut in, "Son, I just want to warn you that when tall tales are goin' round, Salty is just about the biggest-----"

An even deeper red colored Salty's weather-beaten cheeks. "Ahem!" he interrupted. "It was back in '94--or was it '95? No, I guess 'twas '94. Well, anyhow, we wuz sailin' along, just peaceful like, you know, on board the "Nellie G". A great little ship she wuz m'lads. She wuz-----"

"What are you going to tell us about, a whale or your ship?" demanded Sam.

"Oh, yes, the whale. Let's see now, where wuz I?"

"You were sailin' along in the "Nellie G", said the young sailor.

"So I wuz, so I wuz. Well, like I just said, we wuz sailin' along when all of a suddint we sighted a whale. Well, sir, when that whale come up for air he wuz so big you could hardly see from his bow to his stern."

"How big was he?" inquired Sam.

"Well, he wuz about four times as long as the "Sardine". Yes sir, about five times as long as this schooner you're sailin' on right now."

"How big did you say?" again asked Sam.

"Well, I'm tellin' you he wuz a mighty big whale. Now don't interrupt me with all them questions. So me and three

"Well, I'm tellin' you he wuz a mighty big whale. Now don't interrupt me with all them questions. So me and three other fellers put out in a dory. We shot three harpoons into him but they didn't even go in fur enough to tickle. But he got kinda mad. Then afore we knowed what wuz happenin', he come rushin' along and swallowed us, dory and all. Well, we went down and down. Goodness, but it wuz dark! So we took some candles from the dory and-----"

"Candles!" exclaimed Sam. "How did they happen to be in the dory?"

"Well, ----- Say, why do you always have to worry about them things? The candles wuz there, so don't bother me. Let's see --- Oh, yes, we lit the candles. And big! --- Why, from where I wuz standin' I couldn't even touch the top with an oar.

"Well, we wuz stranded in that whale's stomach for days."

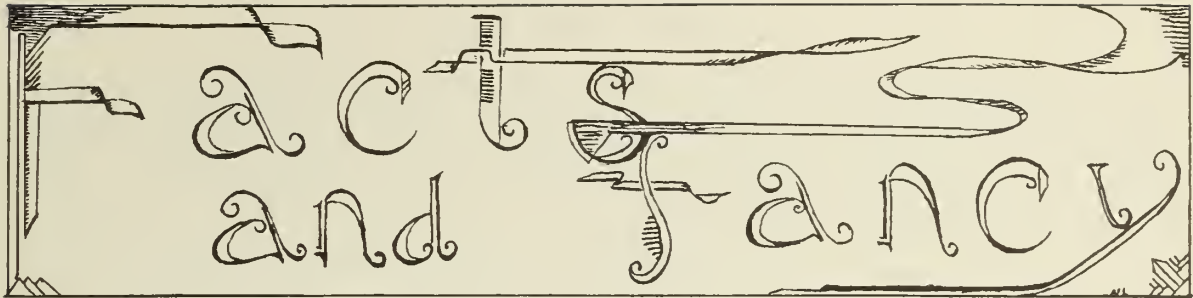
"You said that before," said Sam. "Now tell us how you got out."

Just at that moment a voice rang out. "Hey, Salty! Skipper wants you."

A look of relief spread over Salty's face. "Just like I said before," he mumbled with a grin, "We wuz stranded."

George Mulhern, '41





### LONGHORN GOLD

Big Bill Peters was dead. One of the last of the old western gun-fighters had died, as he had wished to, with his boots on. He had been riding down a rocky trail when it happened. A favorite mount, which, like his master, was growing old, had stumbled and thrown him. The old man had been killed instantly.

Since Big Bill had left neither heirs nor will, his property was to be sold at auction. When the day of the auction came, a crowd of people arrived to buy and to watch the sale. Among these was a penniless, weather-beaten old man who stood apart from the rest. He was Bowie Cameron, the first cowboy that Peters had ever employed.

Almost everything had been disposed of when the auctioneer held up the moth-eaten head of an old longhorn steer.

"How much am I bid for this relic of pioneer days?" he bellowed. People laughed scornfully and no bids were offered.

Bowie looked at the crowd sadly. Then he said, "That was Bill's lead steer when we built his first cattle herd. I have no money to buy it, but won't you give it to me?"

As nobody wanted the head, the auctioneer gave it to Bowie who accepted it gratefully and started for home. It was nearly dark when Bowie reached his cabin. He went inside immediately to hang the steer's head on the wall, but, clumsy with weariness, he dropped the head and broke off one of the horns. Sadly the old man bent to pick up the head. To his astonishment, a bright stream of gold was pouring from the cavity. The hollow head had been Big Bill's secret bank, and in it he had stored his gold dust.

Bowie Cameron was rich in his old age.

Lorraine Gonsalves, '40

## MAN'S DOWNFALL

Many theories have been advanced as to the way in which mankind will eventually meet his end. Some scientists assert that, as the sun burns itself slowly out, the earth will gradually become too cold to sustain life. Some people fear an all-destroying world war.

The other day I ran across a theory which appeared more probable than these. It ran something like this: "Mankind is riding steadily to his own destruction and unless he does something to avert it, will ultimately die of 'over-civilization'." The author went on to point out a dozen or so reasons why the labor-saving machines and work-saving customs of our modern earth were, slowly but surely, making us into a world of button-pushers and downright sissies.

I do not sit idly here and vent my spleen on the lazy world about me. I propose to do something about it! I shall not allow myself to degenerate with the rest of mankind, but shall enter college next fall and major in physical education. I entertain little hope of making the world take an about-face because of my efforts. I am entering this field because it is an interesting and healthy type of work. It gives opportunity to render a real service to my fellow men in a line of work which promises to become increasingly popular.

In the last twenty years, people have admittedly grown intensely lazy. The coming of the automobile has made walking, the most healthful exercise yet invented, more a legend than a reality. While in father's youth people said, "Let's go for a walk," this phrase has given over almost entirely to "Let's take a ride." Furnaces requiring work have given way to oil heaters, and on every side we may see labor-saving machines which keep us from getting the exercise that we need.

In the old days of Rome even the ancient senators and elderly businessmen, so we are told, took time out every day for recreation; whereas the modern business man's exercise too often consists of his walk from the door to the car and from the car to his office desk. Young people, once satisfied to spend their Saturdays romping in the woods or playing games, now hop into a car and go to the movies.

Systematized exercise and recreation is the only answer, and I, as one of the younger generation, intend to do my little bit towards making the people of our nation more healthy and active.

Donald Meyer, '38

## OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD THE GERMAN PEOPLE

Many people today hate the Germans and think that they are very selfish and cruel. My attitude is different. I think that most Germans are not selfish, and that they are like all common, ordinary people. I know a man who has come over from Germany recently, and he has told me a lot that I never knew before and much that has never been in the newspapers.

My friend tells me that all personal and private letters going out of Germany are censored, so that no important matters about the German government, or Germany, can get into the other countries of the world. All newspapers in Germany are run by Hitler. What he wants printed goes into the papers, and anything that he does not like stays out. German people aren't allowed to have in their homes a radio that has a short wave set on it, or any device so that they can hear about world affairs from other countries.

Almost all German people hate Hitler, but they do not dare to say or do anything because they know that they would be punished or shot if Hitler found out. Hitler has spies placed in every German city and town, so that if any revolt or uprising against him should start, he could have it stopped right away. In Germany, Hitler is the one and only person that amounts to anything. All German people have to salute him whenever they see him.

Edward Fisher, '40

## THE INTRUDER

Raindrops were tapping against the windowpane. There was a low rumble and then a crash of thunder. Lightning flashed through the window. Outside the wind howled. Loose shutters banged against the side of the house.

Then the noise of the storm ceased, and the slow tick-tock of a clock could be heard. Quiet footsteps sounded on the stairs. A man could be seen tiptoeing to a large bed where lay a sleeping form. The intruder lifted the hammer which he was carrying and brought it down on the head of the sleeping man.

"We'll use that one!" shouted the director. "Time off for lunch."

Belmira Barrows, '41

## ICED FIGURES

It is six o'clock on a fall evening. People are coming home from work in one of New England's medium-sized cities. Jack Crawford, a tall, well-built man of about twenty-five, is walking down Main Street. As he rounds the corner to Maple Street, he sees walking toward him a man who looks like his former college roommate, Pierre Dubois. "But it can't be Pierre" says Jack to himself. "This man has hair that is almost gray; he is wrinkled; his eyes seem old and tired; and he hasn't the athletic body of Pierre."

Nevertheless, as they meet, Jack speaks in almost a whisper, "Pierre, is it you?"

"Yes, Jack. It's Pierre."

As they shake hands, Jack falters, "What has happened to you? How--?"

"It is a long story, Jack, and almost unbelievable."

"Won't you come over to my house for dinner and tell me the whole story, Pierre?" asks Jack, and Pierre consents.

After dinner Jack and Pierre enter the living room. In the distance a storm is breaking and occasionally a flash of lightning shows the bony-looking limbs of trees outside the windows. Within, a fire is burning and ghost-like shadows climb along the walls of the dimly-lighted room.

"Now tell me your story, Pierre."

"All right, Jack. Three years ago, after I left college, I went back to France where I secured a job with the secret police. My first assignment was to investigate the old castle of Frankenstein. Strange sounds had been reported as coming from it for some little time.

"I entered the castle and walked down the long hall-way to the laboratory of Frankenstein. The sulphur pit was still bubbling. I lowered myself on a rope ladder and found a cave which I entered. I hadn't taken three steps when I felt a terrific blow on my head. Everything turned red and gold for an instant and then I lost consciousness.

"When I awoke, I found myself in a glass case. In front of me was standing a small, slump-shouldered man. He wore thick eye-glasses, and was talking to himself. Every once in a while he would let out a fiendish laugh that sent shivers up my back.

"Along the walls were men in glass cases like mine. There was something odd about these men. They seemed to be frozen! I looked at the fiend again. He was preparing to put a large coil around my case. He gave another laugh. I tried to break loose, but I couldn't move. My feet seemed to be nailed down. I couldn't bend over because the case was too tight. I tried to break the glass, but it was too thick. Next I saw that the fiend was putting a case over the coil. Then he connected the coil to a pump which stood beneath a large tank. He started the pump and then he sat down and stared at me.

"I could feel myself getting cold. He was pumping something -- brine, perhaps - into the coil. Now I knew what had happened to those other men. They had been frozen in the same way that he intended to freeze me. I tried once again to break loose, but could not.

"Then I felt water coming in slowly. Almost as soon as the water flowed in, it started to freeze. I began to scream louder and louder-----"

Jack sat up in bed. He could still see strange shapes about him. He looked at his watch; it was exactly three o'clock. He shivered, and, for the rest of the night, just lay in bed, staring into the blackness of his room.

Austin Ahearn, '39



### THE RIVER OF YOUTH

From all the golden hills of dream,  
 Dew cooled and rainbow kissed,  
 It twines and glides, a silver stream,  
 Through valleys hung with mist,

Down past enchanted woodlands where  
 Romance walks ever young;  
 Where kings ride forth to take the air  
 On steeds with velvet hung;

Where secret stairways tempt the bold;  
 Where pirate caves abound,  
 And many a chest of Spanish gold  
 May joyously be found!

Through magic years it twines and creeps,  
 Past towers of peacock blue,  
 Where still some enchanted princess sleeps,  
 And dreams come always true!

Then, gleam by gleam, the light goes out;  
 Then darkened, grief by grief,  
 It sighs into a sea of doubt,  
 And manhood's unbelief!

Margaret Mulcahy, '39

### SUMMER'S FLOWERS

Candytuft growing in the grass,  
 Like white caps on a sea of green,

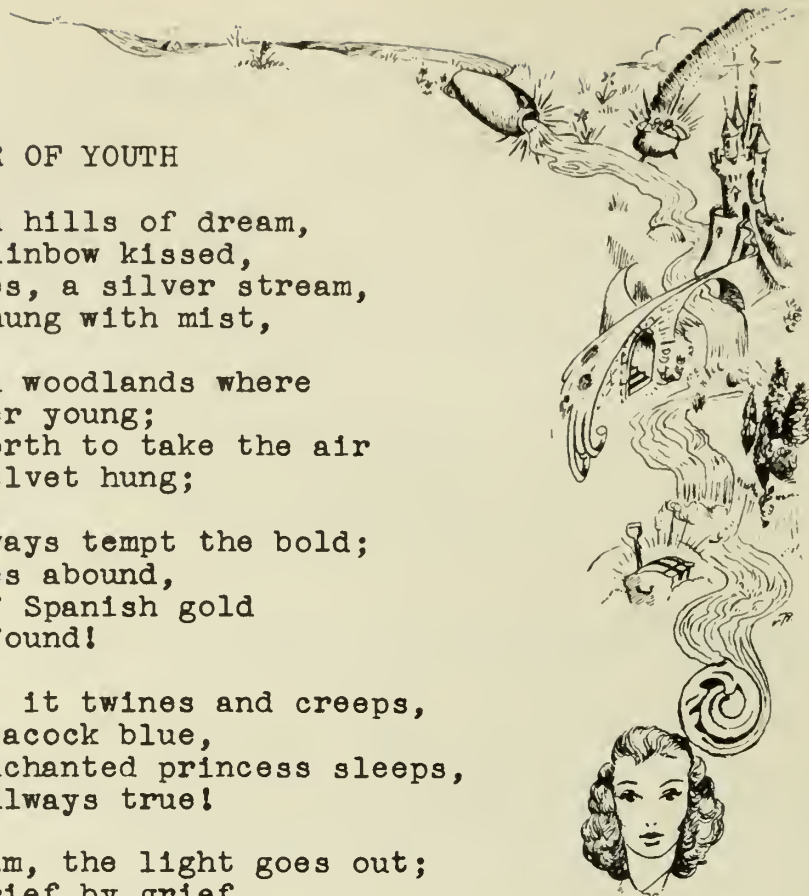
Jasmine among blue delphinium,  
 Stars in a midnight sky.

Lucy Page, '41

### NIGHT

Night is as calm and peaceful  
 As a child's face, when he's at rest,  
 and happy in a dream.

Frances Infusino, '40







### SEEING RED

This thing fascinates me. It is not the brightness nor even the memories which intrigue me, but the fantasies which it seems to inspire. I speak of the color, red. In my imagination I see the red banners of mighty legions faring forth to war, the crimson shirts of dying warriors, and again the lush red pillows and tapestries of luxurious mansions.

This color speaks to me of the manifold sunsets which have called a temporary halt to so many days of honest labor, so many horrible battles, so many merry frolics; sunsets which have soothed the tempers of multitudes of men, sunsets which have inspired heavenly poems and songs.

I think, too, of the myriads of red roses which have cheered the hearts of men and stirred the emotions of women; of poppies sacred to the memory of the war heroes of history; of red leaves of autumn, innocent and beautiful in themselves, but heralds of coming storm and blizzard. And I even ponder, at times, the blooming red lips of fair maidens who have inspired all the really worthwhile deeds and brave acts of the great and good men of the past.

Yes, there are, for me, many thoughts, and even a few memories, of the brightest and gaudiest of colors.

Donald Meyer, '38

### THE SURF

The surf rolls in,  
 Like the swish of a whip.  
 It pounds the rocks  
 Like the beat of a drum;  
 Then dribbles down  
 Like a babbling brook.

George Haley, '41

## MYSTERY MANOR--CRIME HEADQUARTERS

My friend and I were driving down a lonely road. It was a dark night and the wind was moaning as it blew through the trees. Suddenly a storm broke; lightning flashed in the heavens and thunder rolled. Just then our motor stalled and our car rolled to a stop. We got out to investigate, but, in the darkness, could not discover the cause of the trouble. Knowing that we could not continue our journey, we decided to walk down the road and look for shelter. Presently we spied a house and made a dash for it.

The house was large and gloomy looking. It apparently had not been used for fifty years. Doors were banging and window frames rattling. We entered the house and sat down on old, rickety chairs which we found in one of the downstairs rooms. After a short discussion we decided to stay there overnight.

We stretched out on the floor, but I kept hearing strange noises and decided to investigate. I was in the hallway when something seemed to come right out of the wall. Terror-stricken, I could not move for a moment, but, when I got over my fright, I went back to my friend and told him what I had seen.

Together we approached the place where I had thought that I saw something move. We heard a strange, creaking sound, and, in a sudden flash of lightning, could see a section of the wall moving. We both made a rush for the spot and started to hunt for a button or a secret panel hidden in the wall. My hand touched something and the wall started to open. At the same time we could hear a noise like machines working.

As we stood in amazement at the entrance of a secret compartment, we could see, in the dim light four men working over some machines. One of them looked up. The minute I saw his face I knew who they were and what they were doing. They were the very gang of counterfeiters whom we had been seeking for some time.

By the way, I think that I forgot to tell you that we are both members of the Department of Federal Agents.--Yes, you've guessed it! We captured the counterfeiters without a struggle.

Nicholas Sinopoli, '39  
and  
Myles Valine, '40



## SNATCHES FROM A DOG'S DIARY

Saturday, March 5, 1938



I went for a ride with the family today. A fresh dog barked at us, and I jumped out and chased him away, and now, I don't know why, but nobody seems to pay any attention to me. Everyone seems to be very angry with me.

Tuesday, April 12, 1938



The dog who lives next door buries his bones in our yard. They taste splendid! He can't understand where they go!

Thursday, May 26, 1939

I think I'll try my paw at poetry. How's this?(It's true, too.)

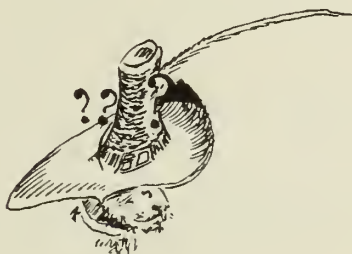
A cat invaded our yard today,  
I arose, and chased him away.



Sunday, August 14, 1938

I didn't know what it was until I was told. It was made of straw, and had flowers and birds on it, and had a thing called a veil, too. I chewed it to pieces, but, honor bright, I didn't know it was a new hat! I'm always in trouble; maybe I'll outgrow it!

Margaret Thompson, '42



SNOW



The snow like a baker at work,  
Makes the hedges, walls, and fences  
Look like cakes or fancy pastries.

Clifford Dickson, '41



### A LITTLE COMFORT

It is a cold, dreary Saturday. The scene is my own house. The characters are my two little sisters, nicknamed Benny and Odie, my mother, and myself.

-----

Benny: (Whispering loudly as a hint.) Aren't we going to have a swell time playing outdoors today, Odie?

Mother: You aren't going out today. It's too cold.

Benny: We haven't got anything to do in the house.

(It is the week after Christmas, and you practically have to shovel your way through the toys.)

Odie: It isn't cold out. Berenice (the girl next door) is out, so why can't we go?

Benny: It isn't any colder today than it was yesterday, and we were out then. Pootsie, (my nickname) you go out and see if it's cold.

Odie: It isn't cold out at all, is it, Pootsie?

(This is accompanied by numerous nudges and looks.)

Mother: All right then, go out.

(About half an hour is spent getting the children ready to go out, but they are finally dressed and dart off joyfully.)

Mother: (With a sigh of relief) Now we can have a little comfort!

(The back door bursts open and the children come in.)

Benny: It's too cold out.

Odie: We're going to stay in.

## JIMMY'S EASTER DUDS

"Aw, gee, Mom, do I have to go?"

"I should say so. How else do you think I'm going to get a suit to fit you?" said his mother, while she scrubbed Jimmy's ears.

"I can wear my last year's suit again this year. What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing except that the pants are torn: the coat sleeves are out at the elbow; there are spots all over it; and it's too small for you."

"Freckle's mother doesn't have to go to Boston for things. She sends away for them."

Finally Jimmy's mother convinced him that it was necessary to go to Boston.

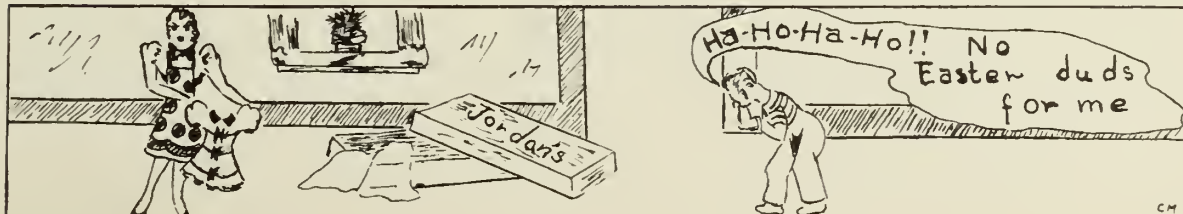
When they reached the city Jimmy was hungry. After they had had their lunch, they went into a large department store. Jimmy tried on about every suit in the store. Finally Jimmy's mother picked out a suit. Jimmy made an exclamation of disgust when he saw the suit his mother had chosen for him. It didn't have any "class", and he threatened not to wear it. But the suit was ordered.

Several days went by. Finally the Saturday before Easter arrived and still Jimmy's clothes had not come. His mother was frantic, wondering where his suit could possibly be. About eleven o'clock in the evening a delivery man arrived with a bundle. Jimmy was asleep, so the box was put aside until morning.

After Jimmy had washed and was ready to put on the much-disliked suit, he heard an exclamation of horror from his mother. Running down stairs to learn what the matter was, he saw the opened suit-box. Inside lay a pink organdie dress with pretty little blue bows! Jimmy laughed until he cried.

I wonder what he wore that Easter Sunday?

Constance MacMillan, '40





### FRENCH IN AMERICA

Although the number of immigrants from France to the United States was small compared with the number of settlers from other countries, the French influence in this country has been great.

It is not generally known that some of the passengers of the "Mayflower" were French. During the religious persecutions in France, many French people took refuge in Holland. When the Pilgrims went to Holland, the English and the French became friendly, and some intermarried. The English were unwilling to give up their language, but they were glad to accept French ideas. The French, however, were perfectly willing to adopt the English language. Some even changed their names to ones which could be pronounced easily by the English. Thus Moulines became Mullins, the name of Priscilla, the girl who said, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The food of the French was especially welcome to the English. If an English housewife obtained a French recipe, she guarded it very carefully.

The history of the United States might have been quite different had it not been for the French explorer, Samuel de Champlain. Champlain, the discoverer of the lake bearing his name, made enemies of one of the strongest of all Indian tribes, the Iroquois. The Algonquins asked Champlain to help them fight the Iroquois, but had he realized the strength of the opponents, Champlain never would have made his fatal mistake. The small band of Iroquois were routed by Champlain's few guns, and they told the other members of their tribe about the white men who carried "fire-sticks". The Iroquois resented Champlain's interference, especially as he had aided the Algonquins, and from that time on, the Iroquois were deadly enemies of the French. Because of that one little skirmish, the Iroquois sided with the English during the French and Indian War.

## OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENTS

How exciting it is to receive from some faraway country an envelope with all sorts of strange looking stamps in the corner! Pupils of the French classes have received many fascinating letters.

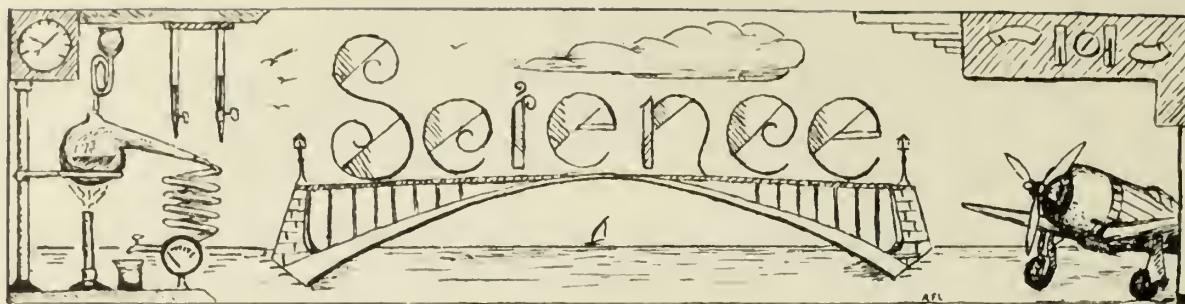
Most of the correspondents tell of their school life and it is very interesting to compare our two school systems. The most noticeable thing is that they have many more subjects than we do. Some of these are: geography, English, Latin, French, Greek, drawing, history, mathematics, religion, science, sewing, gymnastics, physics, and chemistry. School starts at eight o'clock and is over at five, with a two-hour interval at noon. The periods are an hour long.

We can understand and profit by their mistakes when we translate their English into French. For example they write "I have fourteen years," the literal translation of "J'ai quatorze ans." The French always put an article before their nouns whereas many times we do not. One girl wrote: "On the surrounding mountains, the snow fell, and the sportings have been able to practise this gracious sport, the ski." The French word gracieux means gracious, but also means graceful, and was just translated wrong. In another place she asked, "If you have stamps of America, you would be gentle to send to me." Gentil, the word she had in mind, does not mean gentle, but nice, kind or agreeable. Of course we probably make just as many mistakes when we write our letters. Nevertheless, it is a lot of fun and educational as well.

Besides letters, numerous gifts have also been received, such as postcards, magazines, pictures of movie stars, stamps, snapshots, pins, aprons, and even French candy. From Algeria came a skull cap (similar to our calottes) woven by the Arabs, and a Christmas card with a picture of a native Arab girl. Folded inside the card was a doily of very delicate lace.

However the greatest enjoyment we all get from corresponding is the making of friends. At this time one of the most exciting correspondents is Claire Wehrung who lives in Moselle, France. This is just on the border of France and Germany, so if France and Germany go to war, Claire will be right in the middle of it. Not all of the correspondents are in France; some are in French possessions such as Corsica and Algeria. A girl by the name of Letty Wehrle, who lives in Algeria, writes very entertaining letters about her country. These are only two of the many friendships that have been formed through correspondence. Knowing people of other lands helps us to understand them and creates a feeling of good will.

Elizabeth Lewis '39



## SIDE LIGHT

Mr. Ernest J. Berggren of Schenectady is one of the three or four Edison Pioneers still alive. He entered the employ of Edison under unusual circumstances. As a youth he was employed in a company that sold medicine under Edison's name.

It is not widely known that Thomas A. Edison was a believer in home-concocted medicines. In his laboratory, which resembled a drug store with its hundreds of bottles of chemicals, drugs and oils, he prepared a straw-colored mixture which seemed to relieve his neuralgia. When anyone came to his laboratory complaining of an ache or pain Edison would give them a dose of his medicine. When asked the ingredients Edison would willingly tell them the formula.

Little did Edison realize that by his kind-heartedness he would be involved in a patent medicine manufacture which was to be marketed with his picture and name on the label. The "cure" was named "Edison's Polyform" and was supposed to relieve almost any ache or pain. The "Edison Polyform" was not widely advertised or distributed before Edison bought out the concern to save his name and reputation. Perhaps that is why the existence of this company has not been recorded in history and is so little known today.

Ernest Berggren did not realize that at sixteen he was entering the employ of persons unauthorized to use the great inventor's name. It was his good luck that the subsequent negotiations to buy out the firm brought him in contact with one of Edison's men whom he favorably impressed. Consequently this gave Mr. Berggren an opportunity to really be a worker under Edison.

Elizabeth Lewis, '39

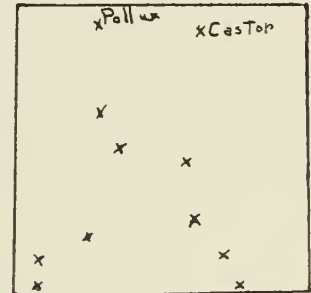


## SPRING CONSTELLATIONS

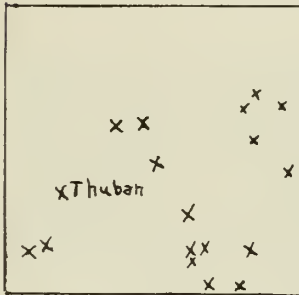


The stars in the sky form interesting patterns. Stars seem to be arranged in groups which we call constellations. Some of the constellations that are interesting to look for are: the Big Dipper, Little Dipper, Draco, Gemini, and Cygnus, the Swan.

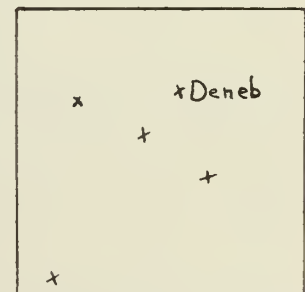
Let us first locate the North Star. Imagine a straight line through the two pointer stars in the front of the Big Dipper. Follow this to the first bright star. This will be the North Star. The Big Dipper is one of the most familiar groups of stars in the sky. It has the shape of a dipper and if you face the northern horizon you will find it. The brightest star is Mizar, which is the second star in the handle. Another familiar group of stars is the Little Dipper. It has seven bright stars. Polaris or the Northern Star is the last star in the handle of the Little Dipper.

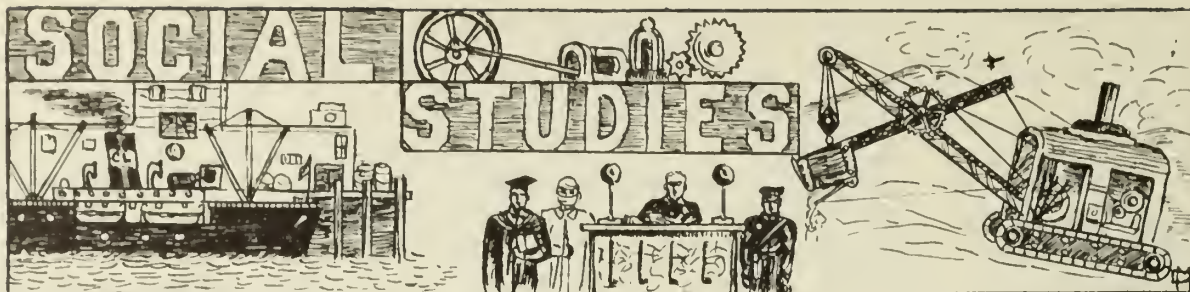


Draco is one of the largest constellations in the sky. The ancients imagined it in the shape of a Dragon. It has a bright star called Thuban. By looking below the Little Dipper, you will find the Dragon curving across the sky. The tail of Draco lays between the Big Dipper and the North Star. The body swings into the horse-shoe curve around the Little Dipper and turns back to form a head in four stars.



Gemini, which was supposed to represent the twins, had two bright stars Castor and Pollux. These two bright stars and others under them form the bodies of the Twins. Their feet are in the Milky Way. Looking east toward Scituate you will find the Twins. The Milky Way is so named because of the milky appearance caused by the myriads of stars in that area. In this Milky Way is a constellation called Cygnus, the Swan, or the Northern Cross as it is sometimes called. Deneb is its brightest star, marking the Swan's tail. Looking Westward toward Hull with the North Star in front of you, you will find the Northern Cross. These are some of the familiar constellations you can easily locate in the spring.





### PURITAN DAYS

From the hour a Puritan baby opened his eyes his life was a constant struggle. A Puritan baby born in the summer-time had more chance of a warm welcome than the one born in winter in a poorly heated house, but he was bathed and dressed so near the fireplace that he would be nearly scorched. Then he was carried away from the fire to a place where a modern infant would cry because of the cold. The Puritan baby slept in a cradle which was deeply hooded to protect him from the constant drafts. Sometimes when he was being baptized the ice in the christening bowl had to be broken.

Mothers in Puritan days were very religious, but in order to attend church, they had to take the children, too. In some meeting-houses there was a little wooden cage or frame to hold babies who were too young, or feeble, or sleepy to sit upright.

The gown of the baby, usually made of dimity or linen was shapeless, with a large neck. There was little embroidery on the dress as it was all done by hand in those days.

It was an old custom when a new-borne babe was first carried upstairs to have gold or silver in his hand in order to bring him wealth and cause him to rise in the world.

Treatment of infant diseases was rather drastic. One of the medicines used was snail-water, or snail-pottage. This medicine was mostly for the rickets. The treatment for fits was some horrible dose of senna rhubarb, and snails mixed with prunes.

As the child grew up he had very few things with which to amuse himself. One way the parents entertained a child was to take him to visit some pious person. Often the children were taken to funerals when they were very young. In some cases the children were shown the dead and taken to the cemetery. Many lived the rest of their lives in fear of death.

The burial service of a Puritan was very elaborate. They often became intoxicated and had gay times. When a small child

died he had child pallbearers. They were given a drink of whiskey before going to the funeral. Rings with a death's head or lock of hair of the dead person were given to all who attended the funeral. This seems to us rather gruesome entertainment for a child.

Children were brought up to be very religious and could read the catechism at the age of four. All their education had a religious element in it, nor did the school master "spare the rod."

The young boys, it is said, as soon as they were able to run alone started going without hats. This was to harden their heads so they could sleep without night caps. Children had to put their feet in cold water and wear thin soled shoes to make their feet tough. The children were never given cold drinks but were allowed warm beer. The Puritans considered milk, pottage, bread, and cheese the best food to give children. They had to eat a piece of brown bread before drinking beer.

At a very early age both boys and girls were sent to a Dame School. The girls were not taught much "book-learning" but were instructed in housewifely arts. Latin grammar was the chief subject in the boy's curriculum. The study of mathematics was often a hopeless maze to the youth's minds. Great attention was paid to penmanship.

The Puritan girls and boys married when they were very young. A widow and widower married soon and mourned very little for their dead husband or wife. Bachelors were very rare and looked upon with intense disfavor by the entire community, who regarded them almost in the position of criminals. The bachelors were spied upon and were given certain sections in which to live. A spinster was accorded practically the same treatment. At the very early age of twenty-five years she was considered an "old maid."

A Puritan gallant had to choose his maid and call on her many times. He had to receive the permission of the parents or guardian before taking any steps in courtship. Fines, imprisonment, or the whipping-post was awaited if he proposed to any maid or maid servant without the consent of the proper authority. It was a custom for the groom's friends to kidnap the bride. The bride was entertained at a near-by tavern and the bill was left for the groom. The bride did not go on a honeymoon as do the brides of today. She had to settle down to a life of great struggle and privation.

We often hear of the "good old days," but how many of us would want to exchange our mode of living for that of our early ancestors?

## BARATARIA

Everyone has heard of Jean Lafitte, the pirate, who with his band of ruthless cutthroats, infested the swamps of Louisiana, and preyed on the merchantmen of the Caribbean. He and his small group of followers are supposed to have lived on a small island called Barataria, forty miles from the thriving city of New Orleans.

I had just finished reading the book, Jean Lafitte. Suddenly I felt drowsy and as I relaxed in my comfortable armchair, a vision of Barataria came before my eyes. I was trudging up the high hill on which Barataria was situated. I seemed to see bright colors, jewels, priceless cloth everywhere. Men of all nationalities walked the narrow streets. On the summit of the hill was an elaborate house. This must be where Jean Lafitte, leader, governor, and councilor of Barataria lives, I thought. Glancing down on the beach I saw a group of men and women shouting and gesticulating out to sea. On the horizon I observed a large vessel with all sails set coming toward me. Looking more closely I saw that the vessel was riding very low in the water. No doubt she had just plundered a merchant vessel and was returning. I sat on the side of the hill and watched the busy preparations going on down the beach. Approximately three to four hundred men and women thronged the shore. Some were clearing the dock of debris, and others were busy bringing barrels and little two-wheeled carts to carry the booty up to the village.

By this time the boat had entered the harbor and had just furled its sails. Small boats of all kinds filled to capacity were pulling out to greet it. The vessel was docked at once and unloading immediately started. Priceless gems including rubies, diamonds, pearls, and sapphires were being carried up the hill. The men were loading small casks on two-wheeled carts. One of the men had broken open a cask and the glitter of gold dazzled me. Bolts of bright expensive cloth were also a part of the booty.

I saw coming down the hill an immaculately dressed man of perhaps thirty-five years. He went aboard the vessel, probably to speak to the captain and transact business concerning the trip. This man must be Lafitte for he was just as I had pictured him. Of the wealth received from the ship Lafitte took the greater share. I followed him home when he left. In his house there was evidence of rich foods, wines and costly clothes. In a large chest he kept considerable wealth. He did not try to conceal it for no man would dare to steal from him. Lafitte's word was the law. Once and only once did someone defy him. Lafitte challenged him to a duel and killed him instantly through the heart. After that little incident men respected him even more.

After leaving Lafitte's house I observed a group of men dressed in gay colors loading canoes with merchandise to sell at the bazaar in New Orleans. I followed them at a safe distance behind, for it was very easy to get lost in the labyrinth-like streams. The men finished loading and were pushing off. Rowing for eight or nine hours was hard for them, for they had quite a load. They stopped at a cabin in a cleared spot, an outpost of Barataria. After eating a hearty meal of corn pone and rum, they resumed their rowing. Finally, in the distance a bugle was blown. The men hearing this put new vigor in their rowing and soon reached the shore line on which the bazaar was situated. Here I left them selling their goods still scented with Spanish perfume.

William Small, '39

#### DO YOU KNOW THAT--

Japanese women contribute their hair to make rope?

The women in Sumatra have to file their teeth down to the gums if they want to be married?

The Arabian greyhounds are allowed to share the tent with their master? It is a privilege which no other animals are allowed as they are considered to be unclean.

The natives of Borneo are filled with all sorts of ridiculous superstitions in regard to their work? For example, if a certain kind of a bird flies across the trail ahead of a hunting party, everyone stops working for that day. If a snake is seen and not killed, the whole group returns to the camp.

Some of the people of India do not believe in taking life? The Jains wear masks over their faces so they won't breathe in microbes as it would be destroying a living organism. They live in such filth that lice are common. If a louse remains on their body so long that it irritates, they will not kill it, but gently remove it and place it on a fresh spot.

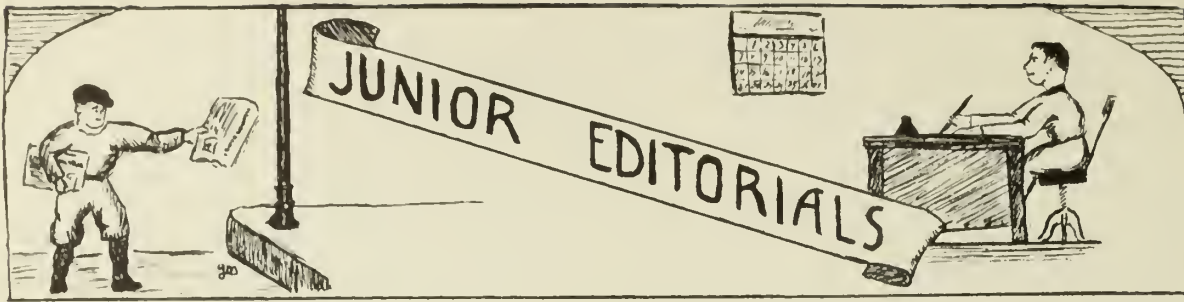
Some of the Mohammedans wear long black scalp locks by which they believe Mohammed will jerk them to heaven?

In Australia lilies grow to the height of a three-story building?

In Siam the people worship the white elephants?

On the island of Luzon in the Philippines the people make beetles into a stew after removing the legs and wings? Locusts also are caught, the legs and wings removed and then fried.

Edited by Mary Figueiredo



### SPORTSMANSHIP

Sportsmanship is an essential quality in the development of one's character. I did not realize until a few days ago, that there were other living things that possess this gift of sportsmanship.

While attending a moving picture theatre a few days ago, I saw a short introductory film entitled, "The Training of Bird Dogs." This picture showed how the young dogs were trained to retrieve the bird by practicing with other articles. Under expert training they were taught to come when the whistle was blown, how to acquire a good position when pointing, and how to step almost noiselessly. Finally, after months of hard work, they were ready to be tested in the field.

The film then showed the dogs racing off sniffing for the scent of the bird. Soon the two dogs working close together, were within scent of the prey. One dog, walking a little ahead of the other, caught the scent first. Cautiously he stopped, pointed for a moment, and then began to work his way in the direction of the bird. Slowly and surely he crept toward the unsuspecting quail.

During this time, I was watching the dog that was so unfortunate as not to get the scent first. When he saw that his partner was on the trail, he did not try to race him to the bird, but stayed behind and watched. His duty was to be fair about this thing. So he stayed behind with a forlorn expression, but never moved a muscle because he knew the least noise was fatal.

This was a very fine example of sportsmanship shown by a dumb animal.

Richard Gardner, 8A

## HOBBIES

Many school children and still more grown-ups have a hobby. Whether it is collecting insects or stamps, a hobby is a remarkable pastime. For students it is highly educational aside from being very interesting. For adults it helps rest a tired mind and gives them something to do in their leisure hours.

I think that the teacher should spend a period in school discussing hobbies. If it is stamps it gives the pupils a knowledge of foreign countries. For high school students, scientific hobbies or hobbies pertaining to nature are good; for college students almost any hobby will do other than swallowing goldfish, phonograph records and fledglings.

Everyone should have a hobby; it doesn't matter what kind as long as it is a hobby. If the non-hobbyist would devote his time to a hobby, he would not spend his time destroying property and doing other destructive acts.

Sheldon Ripley, 8A

## BACKSEAT DRIVERS

Many women who ride in a car with a driver tell what to do while speeding through the city or country. Although this generally leads to an accident, the women continue to do it. They tell the driver when to step on the brakes and when to step on the gas, etc.. This makes the man nervous and soon they are wrapped around a lamp post.

I don't see why women must tell the driver when to stop or go. Probably the reason for these accidents is that Henry Ford doesn't put steering wheels in the back seats of his Fords. Perhaps it is done because the back seat driver can't drive and is jealous of the driver.

If that is the reason, why don't you backseat drivers learn to drive and get a license? Then you would stop annoying the driver of your car.

Kenneth Evans, 8B

# VERSE



## MUMPS

Friday morning to school I go;  
Mumps I had but didn't know;  
But felt a pain so very near  
The extreme tip of my left ear.



Friday night as I felt of my face;  
I knew I had a terrible case;  
For when I felt the two big bumps,  
I knew for sure I had the mumps.

What hurt me more than any other,  
Was when to bed I was sent by mother,  
And when the doctor came and said,  
"This little girl can not be fed."

Well again in four dreary days,  
Back to school and the same old ways.  
I'll never forget those painful bumps,  
Nor wish again to have the mumps.

Margaret Pina, 8B

## THE TEACHER'S DESK

I've often wondered about that desk  
That stands in the front of the room.  
Is it just a stupid piece of wood  
That has come from the forest gloom?

Or has it been listening all these years  
To the classroom conversation,  
Until it knows enough to tell  
The story of a nation?

I wonder if that old desk knows  
That five and five are ten.  
That "ain't" is not the thing to say  
And M-E-N spells MEN.

I'll always have to wonder  
Since the desk can't talk to me.  
I'll never know how wise it is,  
Or how stupid it may be.

Irma Mulhern, 7A



# JUNIOR SOCIAL STUDIES

The following two articles are taken from a group of reports on town government functions as compiled by the eighth grade history classes:

## PROTECTION OF HEALTH IN COHASSET

Public Health in Cohasset is the work of the Board of Health which has its own special duties and in addition works in cooperation with the school department, Social Service League, and other departments of the town.

The Board of Health consists of three members who are elected, one each year at the annual town election. They in turn elect a chairman and secretary. Members of the board are as follows: Mr. Nathaniel Hurwitz, Chairman; Mr. Abraham J. Antoine, Jr., Secretary; and Mr. Edward Tower.

The Board each year appoints an inspector of milk and vinegar, inspector of slaughtery, gate tenders, etc..Appointments this year are as follows: Mr. Thomas L. Grassie, inspector of milk and vinegar, and Dr. Darius W.Gilbert,inspector of slaughtery.

They also supervise all sanitary conditions in the town, isolate and quarantine, and if necessary hospitalize contagious diseases, conduct immunization clinics, well-baby clinics, etc.. The town dump is under their jurisdiction together with all brooks and streams.Licenses which are issued by them include milk, piggeries, denatured alcohol, garbage collections, and burial licenses.

They, in cooperation with the police department, supply oxygen tanks and hoods for pneumonia cases.

Their budget this year is \$7,135.00.

The school dental clinic is maintained by the Board of Health.

The doctors of the town work in close contact with the Board by notifying them of contagious diseases. The Board in turn notifies the State Department, the schools, and libraries.

## SOCIAL SERVICE LEAGUE

Another agency which contributes much to the protection and improvement to Public Health in Cohasset is the Social Service League which works in close cooperation with the

Board of Health, Board of Public Welfare, and other departments.

The league pays half the salary of the district nurse, the other half being paid by the town of Cohasset through the Board of Health. The nurse is at the service of the people free of charge, if necessary. She also assists at the baby clinics and diphtheria immunization clinics. Last year the nurse made 2,305 visits. She also assists in welfare work. The nurse, Miss Weir, is a graduate nurse and is considered an expert.

The well-baby clinics are under the direction of the Social Service League. They, as in other pre-school clinics, notify parents, provide transportation, keep records, etc., and do much to raise the standard of Public Health in Cohasset.

Mary Jeanette Hurwitz, 8A

#### EDUCATION

The school is organized by state law. The School Committee consisting of six members, is elected by the people. This committee serves a three-year term, two members being elected each year. The Committee meets the first Monday of each month at 7:45, at the Osgood School.

The following are the present school committee members:

Walter C. Wheelwright --- Chairman  
 Mrs. Lois Wheelwright --- Secretary  
 Mrs. Genevieve Riley  
 Malcolm H. Stevens  
 Arthur Clark  
 John Emery

#### THE WORK OF THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The School Committee makes policies, chooses the superintendent, teachers, other employees, and fixes their salaries. The superintendent carries out these policies and directs the actual operation of the schools, with the help of Miss Helen Brown, principal of the Ripley Road School, and Mr. William Ripley, Vice-Principal of the Osgood School.

There are twenty-one teachers on the faculty of the two schools; ten at the Osgood School, and four special teachers, and eleven at the Ripley Road School. Their salaries amount to \$44,425.81. There are five hundred and twenty-eight children; of these, two hundred and seventy are girls, and two hundred and fifty-eight are boys.

## THE EQUIPMENT OF THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

The Ripley Road School which includes grades from the kindergarten to the sixth grade, the Osgood School which includes grades seven to twelve, the manual training department which is a smaller building, adjacent to the Osgood School, and the Beechwood School which has not been used in recent years.

The Ripley Road School is a modern building, built of brick. The Osgood School was built in 1891 and is made of wood. It lacks modern equipment for sports, and adequate playground space.

### LUNCH ROOMS

Both schools serve luncheons to those school children who remain during the noon hour. The Lunch Room cost is five thousand dollars yearly. About two thousand seven hundred dollars is received from the purchase of food by the pupils and teachers.

### THE LAW OF ATTENDANCE

A pupil must attend school until he is sixteen years of age, but if he is fourteen and his parents require help, and the child has completed the first six grades, he may leave.

### TRANSPORTATION

Pupils living two miles or more from the school may be transported. School buses are also used for field trips of various classes and for transporting athletic teams. There is one bus that is owned by the Town of Cohasset, and driven by Mr. Harry Wood. Mr. Jason and Mr. Wheelwright own their own buses. The cost of transportation is \$5,300.00.

### PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The Parent-Teacher Association was formed to bring parents and teachers together for school aims and children's aid. All parents and teachers are eligible for membership. Their dues are fifty cents. Regular meetings are held during the school year. The Association has conducted dancing classes for school children and has established a scholarship fund.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Mrs. Henry B. Kennedy, President; Mrs. Elliot Stoddard, Vice President; Mr. William Ripley, Jr., Secretary; Mrs. John U. Riley, Treasurer.

### THE NEEDS OF THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

The greatest need of the school department is a new high school building with modern equipment, including facilities for physical training. It should be located near the new Milliken Athletic Field for maximum efficiency in the use of each.

Anita Andrews, 8B

# SENIOR

Austin Ahearn: "Buddy"  
Ambition: Internal  
Revenue Officer  
"His limbs were cast in  
manly mould; for hardy  
sports or contest bold."



Barbara Keating: "Barb"  
Ambition: Secretary  
"She nothing common did  
or mean."

Elizabeth Bates: "Batesie"  
Ambition: Teacher  
"She is wont to speak  
plain and to the purpose."



Rosalie Laugelle: "Rose"  
Ambition: Beautician  
"Speak thy purpose out.  
I love not mystery or  
doubt."

Frank Browne: "Brownie"  
Ambition: Engineer  
"You hear that boy laugh-  
ing? You think he's all  
fun."



Elizabeth Lewis: "Beth"  
Ambition: Nurse  
"Horses are my passion."

Mary Deary: "May"  
Ambition: Buyer  
"Her voice was ever so  
sweet and low, an excel-  
lent thing in a woman."



Jessie Maree: "Jess"  
Ambition: Secretary  
"Merry as a cricket."

Dorothy Graham: "Dot"  
Ambition: Teacher  
"The secret of success  
is constancy of purpose."



Walter Maynard: "Wally"  
Ambition: Airplane  
Designer  
"If only I could stop  
whistling."

Charlotte Hollis: "Mouse"  
Ambition: Designer  
"Dress doth make a differ-  
ence."



Margaret Mulcahy: "Peggy"  
Ambition: Teacher  
"Away with her! Away  
with her! She loves  
Latin."

Elizabeth Noonan: "Pat"  
Ambition: Nurse



"My heart is fixed."

# PORTRAITS

Edward O'Hearn: "Eddie"  
Ambition: Air-conditioning.

"In quietness and confidence be your strength."



Frank Rosano: "Pint"  
Ambition: Baseball  
"He loves to argue e'en though he be in the wrong."

Marjorie Oliver: "Pigeon"  
Ambition: Beautician  
"To talk without effort is after all the great charm of talking."



Salvatore Sestito: "Sammy"  
Ambition: Horticulturist  
"A good dinner and good company."

Ralph Petersen: "Pete"  
Ambition: Engineer  
"If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep."



Nicholas Sinopoli: "Dimaggio"  
Ambition: Baseball  
"I know a trick worth two of that."

Alta Pratt: "Girlie"  
Ambition: Bacteriologist  
"Better late than never."



William Small: "Doc"  
Ambition: Politician  
"Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking --"

Richard Riley: "Dick"  
Ambition: Artist  
"A true artist never takes any notice whatever of the public."



Irving Stewart: "Flub"  
Ambition: Agriculturist  
"A comrade neither glum nor merry."

Elizabeth Roche: "Lib"  
Ambition: Air Stewardess  
"A friend to everyone."



Elizabeth Stoddard: "Stud"  
Ambition: Nurse  
"The sunshine of that smile."

Doris Williams  
Ambition: Children's Nurse



"Oh, let me be myself."



# Around School



One of our co-workers on the Piper staff was called out of the Problems class for a moment. During his absence some thoughtful classmate put a thumbtack in his chair. He returned to his seat, and, just at the crucial moment, Miss Chandler remarked: "This is a point that I want you to remember."

-----

A Sophomore with some original ideas is tying a bandanna around her waist instead of her head. In the future may we expect to see her wearing a belt around her head?

-----

Clippety clop! Clippety clop! Have we a visitor from the land of the dikes among us? No, just a clever young man who made himself a pair of wooden shoes.

-----

We wonder whether a certain Junior will ever regain his love for chlorine generators. After hugging one too closely in the lab, he spent a day in bed.

-----

Bill Small, doing a sidewalk interview in the broadcasting class, asks: "Who wrote Johnson's 'Irene'?"

Embarrassed Senior, being interviewed, gulps: "I'm not very well informed on that subject."

-----

The science class was aroused the other day by a loud banging on the laboratory door. On the threshold Mr. Ripley encountered a distraught-looking maiden.

Said she, almost in a wail: "Isn't Mr. Doyle anywhere?"

Said he, laconically: "He must be."

-----

Elizabeth Lewis, who was wearing one of the very tricky hats for which she is noted, was wanted by Mr. Ripley. "Where has Will-o-the-Wisp gone?" he demanded.

-----

Does anyone recognize this fellow sleeping through the precious hours? And does anyone know the teacher who solved the problem by providing him with stand up jobs?

-----

One Sophomore to Another

"Don't you ever read the newspaper?"

"No, I don't go that deep."

Aloha!

"What is a mixture of metals called, Bill?"

"Al-loy."

"What?"

"Al-loy."

"Oh, I thought you were greeting me in Hawaiian."











### COHASSET ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

A new organization has been started in Cohasset called the Cohasset Athletic Council. The purpose of this Council is to help the school children in athletics. In addition to the interest and encouragement which this enthusiastic and public-spirited group of men has given to the players and coaches, the Council has run five dances, including a dance for the Nantucket boys. In the fall they tendered a banquet to the Cohasset High School football team. The council helped to purchase the hoods which are now being used by the football and baseball teams.

The present officers of the Association are: Robert James, President: Ralph Williams, Vice President: John Emery, Secretary-Treasurer.

George Haley, '41

### SPORTS AS A HOBBY

My reasons for liking sports are as follows: they help to make strong bodies, and they help to develop our reasoning powers.

Most athletes must learn to think quickly. In football, for example, there are many times when a player can't have someone telling him what to do with the ball. If there is a fumble, or if a pass is intercepted, he must decide for himself what to do. Therefore, he must be on his "mental tip-toes" at all times.

Learning to work together is another important benefit to be derived from sports. In football, to take this game again as an example, teamwork is most essential. Every one of the eleven men must know his part for each play. Most teams have about twenty or twenty-five different plays to master. The average time spent practising as compared to the time spent in actual playing would be in a ratio of about eight hours of practising to one of playing.

Sometimes, in later life, a livelihood is realized from what started as a mild interest in a particular sport in high school days. Although this is a possible benefit to be derived from sports, a far more important benefit is learning to be a good loser.

James Dolan, '40

#### WHY BASEBALL IS MY FAVORITE SPORT

Baseball, in my opinion, is the greatest of all American sports. Perhaps a short history of the game, and some facts about the game might clarify my enthusiastic point of view.

The game of baseball is only a hundred years old. Its founder was a general in the American army, who made it up to keep young boys from getting into bad company and trouble. Baseball was often played by the soldiers during the Civil War when they were off duty.

No leagues were formed until about fifty years ago. The oldest league in existence was formed about 1885 and is called the National League. At the present time there are forty organized leagues, thus making jobs for between five and ten thousand young men.

To some, baseball may seem to be just a game of hit and catch, but it really calls for much brainwork on the part of the managers and players. For example, pitchers try to out-smart the batters by making the ball curve, and fielders try to play where the batter usually hits the ball. In baseball there are many rules which must be followed. The three umpires who are in full charge once the game starts must see to it that the rules are carried out. Then, too, umpires for the most part, usually do enjoy their work, and many of our umpires were former players.

Baseball has been made the national game by the many fans who attend the thousands of games, and who love to watch a player hit a ball over the fence or make a spectacular catch. Baseball is considered by all to be a good, clean sport, and that, I think, is the reason for its taking first place in our American sports.

Francis Malone, '40

#### BASEBALL

I think the game that's best of all,  
 Is good American baseball,  
 To make a hit, or score a run,  
 Brings to the team both job and fun.  
 To win is fine, but all the same,  
 It's still good sport to lose the game.

Louis Bailey, '40



## HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL

Coaches: William Ripley, Jr. - Burditt W. Collins

<u>Players</u>	<u>Positions</u>	<u>Players</u>	<u>Positions</u>
James Dolan	Capt. C	Herbert Haley	LHB
Myles Valine	QB	Nicholas Sinopoli	E
Austin Ahearn	FB	George Mulhern	RHB
Walter Maynard	F	Howard McLellan	G
William Reynolds	T	Richard Riley	E
Salvatore Sestito	T	Julian Riley	E
William Small	G	Richard Oliver	G
Paul Emanuello	RHB	Gordon Flint	E
Anthony Ferreira	LHB	Ralph Petersen	E

Frank Browne G

## SCHEDULE

	<u>Cohasset</u>	<u>Opponent</u>
Dighton	14	0
Scituate *	0	0
Nantucket*	21	0
Marshfield*	6	7
Farm & Trade	13	6
North Easton	12	13
Hanover*	20	6

## HOCKEY

Coach: Otis R. Jason

<u>Players</u>	<u>Positions</u>	<u>Players</u>	<u>Positions</u>
Louis Bailey	Capt. LW	Gordon Flint	RW
Walter Maynard	C	Edward O'Hearn	RD
Austin Ahearn	LD	Anthony Ferreira	LD
George Haley	G	Paul Emanuello	RW
James Dolan	RD	Nicholas Sinopoli	C
Frank Rosano	RD	Augustine Mello	LW

## SCHEDULE

	<u>Cohasset</u>	<u>Opponent</u>
Hingham	1	3
Hingham	1	4

\*Games played at Cohasset

## HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL

Coach: William Ripley, Jr.  
 Manager: John Cunningham

Captain: Louis Bailey, Jr.  
 Ass't Manager: Herbert Haley

<u>Players</u>	<u>Positions</u>	<u>Players</u>	<u>Positions</u>
Louis Bailey, Jr.	Capt. SS.	James Dolan	C-P-3B.
Paul Emanuello	2B.	Frank Rosano	LF-C.
Julian Riley	1B.	Nicholas Sinopoli	RF.
Allan Sargent	CF-1B.	Walter Maynard	RF-P.
Francis Malone	LF.	Augustine Mello	3B-P.
Edward O'Hearn	3B-CF.	Anthony Ferreira	2B.

## SCHEDULE OF 1939 SEASON

			<u>Cohasset</u>	<u>Opponent</u>
April 25	Hingham	at Hingham	2	8
April 28	*Scituate	at Cohasset	10	2
May 2	Hingham	at Cohasset	14	23
May 5	*Kingston	at Kingston	14	5
May 8	Holbrook	at Holbrook	23	14
May 11	Quincy Trade	at Quincy	11	9
May 12	*Duxbury	at Cohasset	13	5
May 16	Weymouth Trade	at Weymouth	4	5
May 23	*Norwell	at Norwell	16	9
May 26	*Pembroke	at Pembroke	6	8
June 2	*Hanover	at Cohasset		
June 5	*Marshfield	at Marshfield		
June 6	Weymouth Trade	at Cohasset		
June 9	E. Bridgewater	at E. Bridgewater		

## \* SOUTH SHORE LEAGUE GAMES

## TRACK

Coach: Burditt W. Collins  
 Captain: Austin Ahearn  
 Manager: Salvatore Sestito

## SQUAD

Richard Riley	Francis Malone
Ralph Petersen	Frank Browne
Milton Kerr	Warren Williams
James Dolan	Nicholas DeVito

George Mulhern

## TRACK SCHEDULE

May 8 Hingham at Hingham  
 May 15 Abington and Bridgewater at Abington  
 May 22 Attleboro and North Easton at North Easton  
 May 31 Hingham at Hingham  
 June 3 Brockton Meet

### BREAKING THE TAPE

Track has been one of the major sports of this country for some time. In the last five years there have been more records broken in this sport than ever before. Jesse Owens, the world's fastest human, and Glenn Cunningham, the fastest mile runner in the history of track, have broken more records between them than any other two runners.

Track and boxing are the two hardest sports for which a man has to train. The training schedule of the world's fastest man would attest to this.

When he first starts out to train, it is in the late winter or early spring. He does an average of eight miles of walking a day for a week or more. In this way he loosens up the muscles which must be used in running. Then he starts to jog for a couple of miles each day. This helps him to develop endurance. After he has done this for about three weeks, he will get down to his regular schedule.

A typical schedule for a week follows: Monday--3/4 mile and an easy 660; Tuesday--3/4 mile at 3/4 speed; Wednesday--220 at 4/5 speed; Thursday--a fair 440; Friday--880 yards at half speed; Saturday--two starts. This must be done faithfully throughout the rest of the season. After all this training, a runner might be able to "break the tape."

Myles Valine, '40

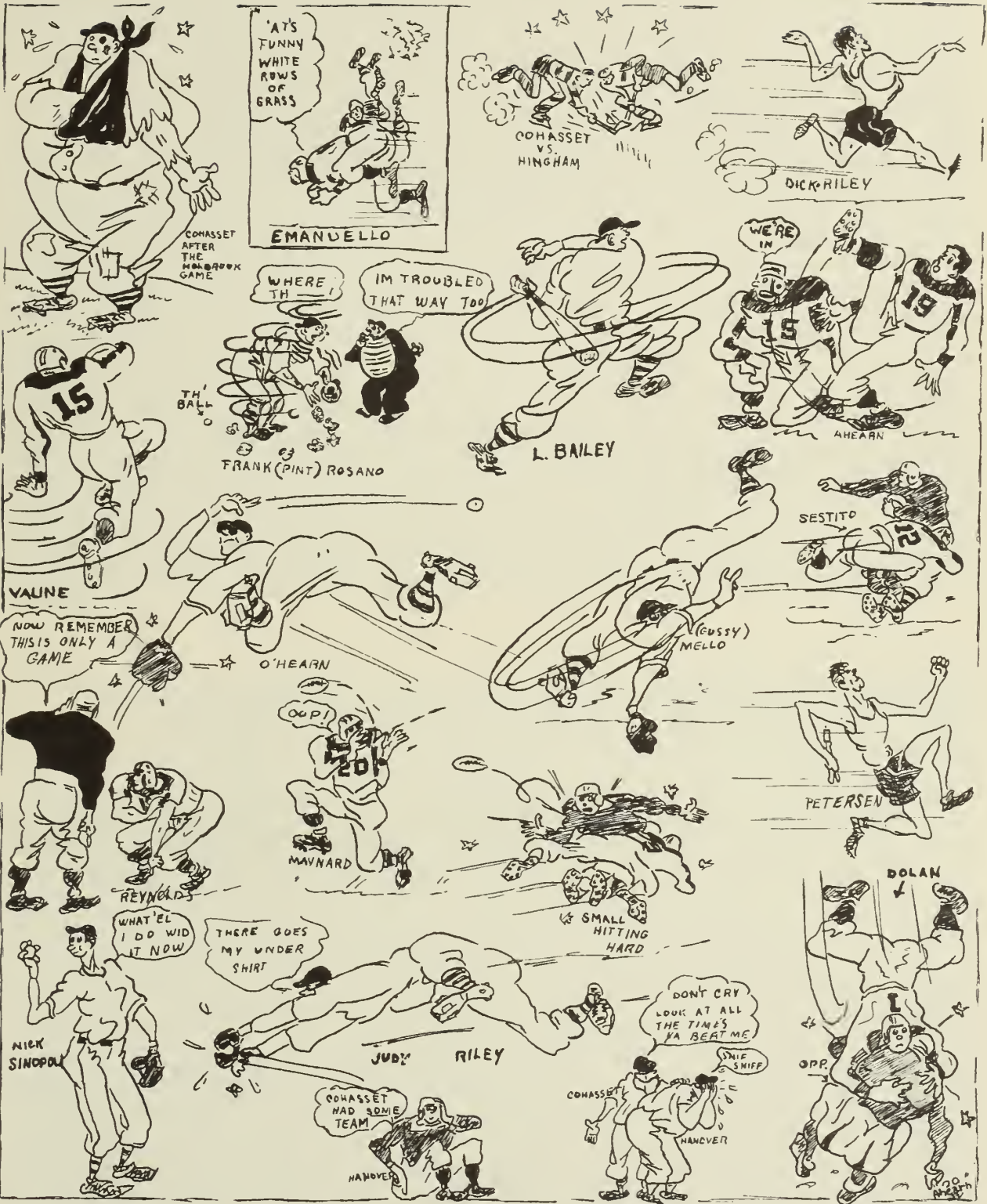
### HOCKEY PECANS AND GALLERY GODS

What is a "hockey pecan?" Who are the "gallery gods?" You have probably guessed wrong. Yet you might even be a "hockey pecan" or a "gallery god" without knowing it. A "hockey pecan" is not a kind of nut, nor is a "gallery god" an idol.

A "hockey pecan" is really a person who lives hockey. If you want to become a "hockey pecan", you must know and like hockey, which is the fastest game in the world. Also, it is necessary that you go to the games regularly and be well acquainted with the players.

The "gallery gods" are people who sit in the upper balcony. The prices for the best seats are high. In order to get a good seat at a low price, it is essential to go to the games early; consequently between the hours of five and eight hundreds of footsteps can be heard tramping up the long winding stairs to the balcony, the home of the "gallery gods".

Gordon Flint, '41









### JUNIOR HIGH FOOTBALL

Coach: Otis R. Jason - Manager: Richard Gardner

<u>Players</u>	<u>Positions</u>	<u>Players</u>	<u>Positions</u>
Gordon Flint	Capt. QB	Everett Wheelwright	E
Anthony Ferreira	LHB	Garrett Murphy	G
Herbert Haley	FB	Thomas Hernan	G
Hatherly Souther	RHB	Ralph Perroncello	G
Douglas James	G	Donald Figueiredo	G
David Stoddard	T	Ernest Sullivan	T
Stanley Hammond	T	Robert Maree	G
David Marks	E	Frank Mello	E
Kenneth Mitchell	E	Richard Neagle	G

	<u>Cohasset</u>	<u>Opponent</u>
Thayer	21	7
Middleboro*	7	7
Thayer*	13	7
Middleboro	13	12

### BASEBALL

Lawrence Ainslie	Capt. P	Kenneth Mitchell	3B
Gordon Flint	LF	Thomas Hernan	CF
Douglas James	C	Charles Piepenbrink	RF
Anthony Ferreira	P	Ernest Sullivan	2B
Norman LeClair	CF	Everett Wheelwright	1B
John Rooney	1B	John Infusino	CF
Hatherly Souther	2B	Donald Vickery	RF
David Stoddard	RF	Robert Maree	LF

	<u>Cohasset</u>	<u>Opponent</u>
Braintree	6	4
E. Bridgewater*	10	8
Whitman	2	7
Rockland*	10	8
Whitman*	4	1
Hingham*	14	8
Braintree*	11	1
Hingham	9	1

\*Games played at Cohasset

# The Local "Yokels" at Work.



**MENAGERIE**  
Proposed sign for study-hall door

BEER JACKETS  
Seafito and crew  
girls basement at noon.

E. LEWIS.  
Cohassate gun

NO HOBBY  
W. MAYNARD.

LOCAL FAT-BOY  
PETE WILLIAMS

FROM MALONE

FRED TILDEN'S FRIEND

SPINZOLA IN THE VENTILATOR.

RIGHT OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW SO

JESSIE AT THE TYPEWRITER.

HOLLIS & WILLIAMS TUNING UP.

D WILLIAMS AT SHORT-HAND

BUD AHEM SKIDS HOME ON THE TRACK AT THE HINCHAM MEET.

RILEY RUNS THE LAWN MOWER.  
THE SPARK-LEER SYSTEM GOT USED LAST FALL

(SMALL) Dr. Fosmer Politician & speaks on many subjects.

STUDDARD'S LIVESTOCK ATTRACTED CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION

MEMO (BROWNE) PLAYED FOOTBALL

THE ATTIC AT MR. MYCUS.  
WHO'S COMIN' OUT?

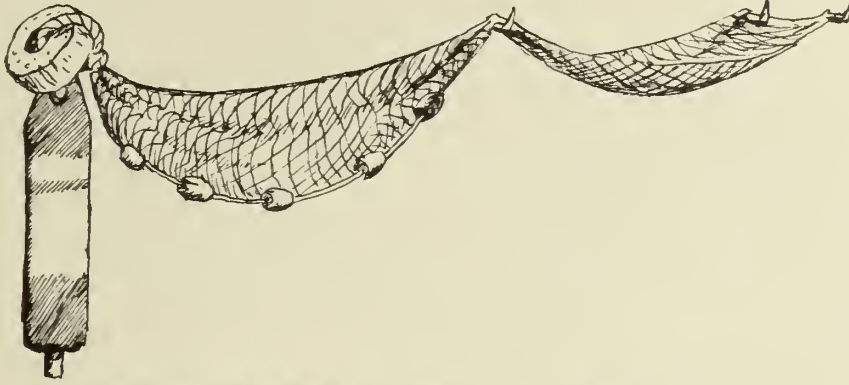
CLASS WILL 1939.  
"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU."  
We Won't Leave Much.

"GOT MY ASPHATEDY BAG." QUEME (C. ROCHE)

GET OUT  
DOOR TO SOCIOLOGY 12

ART COMMITTEE (LAST MINUTE) MUSH

M.T.



COMPLIMENTS OF

KIMBALL'S

LOBSTER

SHOP



<p style="text-align: center;">Tel. Coh. 482-W</p> <p style="text-align: center;">M. HELEN BLACKMAN Beauty Salon</p> <p>Post Office Bldg.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Compliments of GOODWIN'S BAKESHOP</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Elizabeth Bristol SPORTSWEAR</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Compliments of M. J. MERRIAM</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">PASSERO'S SHOE REBUILDER South Main Street Cohasset, Mass.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Compliments of EDWARD M. FLEMING</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">DELOREY DRUG Rexall Stores</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Compliments of CENTRAL MARKET</p>

<p>COHASSET MOTOR SERVICE</p> <p>Odin Towle</p>	<p>Compliments of CALL'S DRUG STORES</p>
<p>Compliments of FIRST NATIONAL STORES</p>	<p>Compliments of REDDY'S BATTERY and REPAIR SHOP</p>
<p>Compliments of Milton Kerr RUITER MOTOR SALES</p>	<p>Compliments of D. S. Campbell JEWELER Cohasset</p>
<p>Compliments of NICHOLAS SIMEONE</p>	<p>Compliments of COHASSET HARDWARE CO., Inc.</p>

# Cohasset Savings Bank

INCORPORATED IN 1845

-----  
Operated solely for the benefit of its depositors

Total Assets in excess of \$3,000,000

-----  
Individual deposits received up to \$4,000

Joint accounts received up to \$8,000  
may accumulate by addition of dividends to \$16,000

Deposit goes on interest the first  
business day of each month.

-----  
BANKING HOURS:

8:30 A.M. to 3 P.M.  
Saturdays 8:30 A.M. to 12 M.

## BURDETT COLLEGE

COURSES FOR  
YOUNG MEN  
AND WOMEN

*Business Training*

Business Administration-  
Accounting, Executive's As-  
sistant (for men), Executive  
Secretarial, Stenographic  
Secretarial, Shorthand, Type-  
writing, Bookkeeping, and  
Finishing Courses.

One- and Two-Year Programs.  
Previous commercial training  
not required for entrance.  
Leading colleges represented  
in attendance. Students  
from different states. Place-  
ment service free to gradu-  
ates. Visitors welcome.

As an institution, Burdett College is now an acknowledged leader in the field in which its work is done. Statesmen, financiers, bank officials, presidents, vice-presidents, treasurers, and many others holding important business positions are numbered among its alumni. Yet its pride as an institution rests not alone upon the achievements of the illustrious, but upon the accomplishments of that large number of men and women who, because of the practical nature of the training received, now hold responsible positions in various lines of business in many states.

Write or  
Telephone  
for Day or  
Evening  
School  
Catalogue



61<sup>ST</sup> YEAR BEGINS  
SEPTEMBER, 1939

156 STUART STREET, BOSTON • HANcock 6300



